Monks Horton Tuesday 3 Sep 34

I have lost your letter in the
general chaos of mts.
I don't know what day you
said you were coming. Do
let me know posthaste duli:
I remember all the rest of the
letter, about the dog & Vita; it's only the
facts.
I went to Lesst: & Vita was in
seductive in her sailor trousers, &
we had 15 minutes alone —
the first this year — & I'm sorry
you dismiss her. G was there,
like a drowning cat; wet, white.
And Harold - Red, robust.
V.

I've been up in London all day, & can't write

Monks Horne.

Wednesday 18th Sept 1935

I have a terrible but I hope justifiable
confession to make: I read your chapter: but it
away, & now can't find it. L. is out at
the moment, & may have it in his keeping.
But please get it retyped at my expense.
I am furious, with myself, for this slovenliness.
My only excuse is that we have the flower
festival with M.D: & I'm going
through all the tiny babies, & am rather
dazed. And no doubt it will
turn up. But please God you have a
copy, which your man can do again — at
my expense. Hence I can't answer your
question about the paragraph on the
moment. My impression of the whole
was that it was an excellent fragment,
by itself: & very vivid. Only I think I
had read it before? I seem to remember

Rota 2.4.63

the incident of your hearing the Man –
not knowing what it was. But perhaps
you showed me this with the Personally Cheerful!
Anyhow, it read very fresh & free; yes, no doubt about it.
(Oh dear, oh dear – that I should add to the
loves & worries! – but it's the first time)
about Miss Gordon. I have had a thrill
dossier from her. But I can't possibly
read the MS yet: I have to read over
Press books in rotation, & shan't get
through to hers for a time. The season of
books is on us. I'll let you know my
opinion when I have one.
Meanwhile, as I say, I am facing my
3 large boxes of fog, in the vain hope that
I may make some way in them before London
begins. And there's a whole room full
more, I believe. But it's fascinating
work; save that handwriting strains the
eyes, & I have to read every note with a view to
some light or hint. So excuse me for scrawling:
you'll have allowance to make even more than the usual
allowance for me till I'm through this
thick hedge – V.

NYPL

Remember the Bill

32 J. Sq. Tuesday 80ct 1935

I have a thousand apologies to make — but no M.S.!
We had a combout through every jungle before clearing
Monks Horton. I found nothing What is
most likely is that I stuffed it between the leaves of a
huge M.S. novel I was reading & rejecting, & that it was
sent back to some unsuspecting author who kept it in revenge.
At the same time I lost a letter I had to answer — containing
no more pressure but 3 pocket handkerchiefs. Jon must
tell me faithfully what the bill for retyping is.
I'm getting so casual & submerged in things — all these flies
papers — I lose something daily. The theory is that I'm so

Careful of the Fry Letter, all my Care is spent. — that's what I say.
I heard from Vera Brittain, a heart broken Letter from woman.
And I'm told (not by her) that what Killed poor Winifred
was first an African germ, which they thought was Cured;
then Vera B's father jumped into the Thames &
drowned himself: Vera & W. spent several days
Searching for the body; found it; Vera broke down thereupon;
Winifred was sent to look after the Children; suddenly
the germ ~~of~~ revived; she was too Exhausted to struggle, & so dies;
but this comes only second hand.

Hope to keep freer next week than this: Arthur is out; R.B.
has written fairly meldy in answer to a sound drubbing by L: all this
bookshop strain the set up; a first Sales not bad — I mean adrana sales.
but we must wait. I had to lend the Ladies a £: back to the
hermaphrodeli. I can't cheat my wagons on this trip; but perhaps she'll
take you. I thought [illegible] was way.

Rota 2.4.43

Athos has had quite good reviews.
L. says she is selling "quite fairly well!"

A cheap edition of the 2nd Common Reader has just come out. Shall I give you a copy to give your friend?

Ever T. S.

Monday
24 Oct 1935

I'm very sorry you're not well enough to come. I was sorry too about the death of that nice man. But Lady Ilmon stayed here talking about politics till 6.45. & I daresay you'd have been bored. (She's a rather nice woman though, something to do with Newnham, something to do with Manchester, — a great admirer of Room of One's own — hence her visit — hence her demand that I must write a sequel)
Well, I must leave the future to you. This is a stained page, but I can't take any romantic line at the moment. At the

NYPL Rota 2.4.63

moment L. is telephoning to a lady who insists that
the must see Miss Virginia Woolf — Oxygen
mean Mrs Sage Leonard; upon which the cries
all into the night. Now what did she want to
see me for. & then get my name wrong?
I am about to attempt to read the Life of Bishop
Gore; I am about to decide whether I can possibly
use my old mother in law birthday party. & to
tea instead. Can I? She is blind as a bat, &
crowns with dismal persistency over all the
anniversaries & all the deaths, which conglomerate
this month. What about the Van Dams, & your
ballet? What about the Hermaphrodite? She's
working a sequel to Orlando. What about Green-
V.? I've never a word from V. which rather
hurts me. Can that I know what is to be had to be.
And what the good of complaining? I am rather
ravaged, harassed by Fry relations & friend:
& can only hug my freedom, & yearn to torment merely
to any work till my book is on the Atlantic
waves. I read the Temple last night. George Herbert
Why can't I believe too? only I think my own
beliefs so much more exciting. Get Jove, they say. was.
good man. But I can't get into
the romantic vein
tonight. V.

"Gerald Balfour – surely the handsomest man I've ever seen"
I've just read this in an old letter of Rupert.

52 Lancelot Sq.
Monday.

I'm now got completely muddled;— you
will not be surprised to hear, I can only
say ~~that~~ will you let me know when
you appear at the Old Bailey in
order that I may be there. I must
if possibly can- send me a line
that I may it be booked here with some
miserable grub. I sat next
Elizabeth at a Concert the other night,
& she told me that you were all
somewhere in the country with Mrs
Woodhouse. (Please convey her my
respectful homage. Might we to buy
the Scarlatti records?)

Rota 2.4.63

Elizabeth looked — but I'm no judge of 'looks', — very
well, & we had a little hush chat over our
seats. It was Bach, & the flute didn't
carry round the corner — is that a legitimate
criticism? I'm two shy or you'll — nature
many such you'll admit. I've had a
postkin reading her works aloud; I've had a
French socialist declaiming against Fascism;
I've had a German Jewess — no, I can't
that are our lot in Jarndyce Sqre. — but
you'll admit that it's difficult to wedge in
Even an hours reading of old letters (Rogers)
& a morning at my own script, & talking
fully round the square; — the most make
walks & visits in Leonard's presence, which by
introduced an additional complication:
such is love! — Venus toute entière — &c.
But for Jove's sake. Let me come to the
Old Bailey

V.

Nov 9 1935

52 7-S.

But why am I in your bad books? What
have I done that wrong? Or
do you scold me on principle
like the nurse in Punch.
Go & tell Charles he mustn't.
Here I've been merely dealing
with the usual pack of cards -
people, people: — one by one
rammed on me by Ethel Sands -
was a niece of Hindenburg, a
friend you used to come to her
mother's, who helped you with
an opera: that woman is
marmoreal, monolithic, a